

# *Sketch*

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## I think I fear something

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## **“When I get like this flocks of migrant birds look like soot”**

Jessica Madsen

When I get like this flocks of migrant birds look like soot  
tugged heavenward by winded hooks  
and the sky's a swirling cup of mother's coffee  
mixed one third cream and milk  
and the hairpin trees bear scuttle leaves  
that stick and trip my wading feet  
and I can't remember whether I left home or it left me.

## **“I think I fear something”**

Jessica Madsen

I think I fear something –  
too young to have gained a title,  
old enough that its name has been forgotten.

It's when I hide in the closet,  
with the antithesis line  
surrounding the door to exile –  
the nothing that makes the something –  
when escape slithers down  
the tunnel between my ears,  
resounding.

I guess I'm at home  
turned outside in  
avoiding the unnamed forgotten  
by enveloping myself in it.